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MAUMEE EXPRESS.

Volume I.

MAUMEE CITY, OHIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1837.

Number 23.

POETRY.

For the Maumee Express.

[SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE CAMP OF THE
OTTAWAS.]

"Know ye the land" in the far, far West,
Where the Indian wander'd, as lord of the
soil.

Where his bright fancy pictur'd the home of
the blest,
When death should release him from labor
and toil!

Know ye this spot, once so dear to the Chief,
No longer is trod as the wild hunting ground;
That his tribe is now fled, as the dry wither'd
leaf!

When driven by Autumn's low, desolate
sound!

Slowly winding, I mark them, while yet they
repair
To their home, near the verge of the fast
setting sun,

While the breezes are laden with many a
prayer,
To die near the field where their battles
were won.

Yon Isle's leafy bowers will re-echo no more
With the voice of their shrill and tumultuous
mirth;

For the vesper's faint note will arise from its
shore,
And smiles dance on the lips 'round the glad
cottage hearth.

Oh! green are the hills where brave HARRISON
fought,
And Marshall'd his troops with a soul-cheer-
ing smile;

He nobly achiev'd the proud triumph he sought,
And now honor and peace will his evening
beguile.

We mourn, that where once 'rose the loud
savage yell,
Are strewn the last relics of mould'ring dead;
Yet soft be the turf where our young DUDLEY
fell,

And sweet be the flowers on his moss-cov-
er'd bed.

The name of lov'd PERRY, we ne'er can forget;
He the enemy fac'd, and exclaim'd, "they
are ours!"

His bold heart beat high, when the gallant
fleets met,
And Albion fear'd for her tall oaken towers.

While our vessels float proudly far over the
main,
And a thousand boats sail upon Erie's blue
sea,

A sigh and a tear flow unbidden for WAYNE,
Though stern hearts rejoice that our ocean
is free.

But Farewell! I must breathe, to this beautiful
land—
Rich blessings upon it, I'll ever implore;
For sad Memory oft will return to this strand,
When the stranger is roaming on Georgia's
bright shore.

C. H. S.

MAUMEE CITY, Aug. 29, 1837.

From the Maine Monthly.

THE NOBLE SAILOR.

BY MRS. STOURNEY.

The occurrence here related took place dur-
ing the great conflagration in New York, De-
cember 16th, 1835.

It was a fearful night,
The strong flame fiercely sped,
From street to street, from spire to spire,
And on their treasures fed;

Hark! 'tis a mother's cry,
High o'er the tumult wild,
As rushing toward her flame-wrapt home
She shriek'd—My child! my child!

A wanderer from the sea,
A stranger, mark'd her woe,
And in his generous bosom woke
The sympathetic glow:

Swift up the burning stairs
With daring feet he flew,
While sable clouds of stifling smoke
Conceal'd him from the view.

Fast fell the blazing beams
Across his dangerous road,
Till the far chamber where he grop'd
Like a fiery oven glow'd.

But what a pealing shout!
When from the wreck he came,
And in his arms a smiling babe
Still toying with the flame.

The mother's raptur'd tears
Forth like a torrent sped,
Yet ere the throng could learn his name,
That noble tar had fled.

Not for the praise of man
Did he this deed of love,
But on a bright unfading page,
'Tis register'd above.

AGRICULTURAL.

SPRING WHEAT.—The following com-
munication is important to Farmers in
the Lake Country. The growing of
Spring Wheat add many fold to the hus-
bandman's granary on the reserve. In
some portions of Lorain county, a good
yield of Spring Wheat was obtained this
season. The kind sown, we are not in-
formed. We note these facts with pleas-
ure, and hope Farmers will communi-
cate any information they may possess
on the subject, for the general weal.
Our columns are ever open to their inter-
est, and we wish Agriculturists would
do more towards filling them. Mr.
McD. will confer another favour on good
tillers of the soil, by furnishing a descrip-
tion of the Italian Spring Wheat. We
do not receive the Cultivator.

For the Herald and Gazette.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—The Italian Spring
Wheat introduced into our town the pre-
sent season, bids fair to give our Farm-
ers who complain that they cannot

raise good Wheat, particularly on clay
soil, an opportunity of raising that valu-
able bread stuff. A few bushels were
sown in this town about four and a half
months since, which are now harvested,
and will produce from 28 to 30 bushels
to the acre. The use of this seed will
obviate all the difficulties of winter kil-
ling, or heaving out, or having chless or
cockle, and the kernel is as heavy as the
fall wheat. A description of this wheat
will be found by reference to the Cultivator,
published by J. Buel, Albany.

The crop raised this season will be re-
served for seed, and those who wish can
obtain it in small quantities by calling on
F. Willson, P. Sherman, or the subscri-
ber.

D. McDOWELL.

Mayfield, Cuyahoga Co., Aug. 24.

Spring Wheat.—The subject of sow-
ing Spring Wheat, is much spoken of in
Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia.
A number of experiments have already
been made, and the results given to the
public. From among these we take
the following:—David Zeigler, of Get-
tysburg, Pa. sowed two bushels in the
spring, and his yield was 60 dozen of
good wheat. J. Hathaway, of Rome
N. Y. about 5 years since procured
some wheat from Florence, Italy; has
sown some yearly, and his yield has been
20 to 30 bushels per acre. The grain
is bearded. Wm. Jenkins, near Win-
chester, Va., sowed a peck on the 7th of
April, and cut it on the 4th of August.
His yield was four bushels, weighing
sixty-two pounds to the bushel. A. T.
Barclay, of Va., has also made experi-
ments with spring wheat, which have
succeeded to his entire satisfaction. He
tried it on various kinds of soil, and con-
siders it best on corn land. He also
thinks that Farmers ought yearly to sow
some, which can be done any time be-
tween March and the 11th of May. Mr.
Barclay is of his opinion that the spring
wheat will make flour fully equal to the
common bearded wheat. Let our Farm-
ers try the experiment.—*Canton Re-
pository.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GAMBLER'S FATE.

"Another glass of Curacao—and then
for St. James," said Russel to his friend.
"Has your lengthened residence on the
continent embued you with much taste
for cards or roulette?"

"No," replied Melvil, "ever opposed,
both by inclination and education, to the
vice of gambling, I have studiously a-
voided entering the magic circle in which
the fickle goddess enthral her votaries.
Surely, you do not play?"

"Very little," responded Russel care-
lessly, "and merely for amusement; to-
night, however, as I told you before, an
appointment, which must be kept. You
will accompany me, I hope? Remember,
you need not play."

"To part from each other so soon,
and after so long a separation, with so
much to talk about, and so many friends
to enquire after, require more philoso-
phy than I can boast of possessing; so
as your appointment must be kept, and
I have no fear of my resolution failing in
one night, I will accompany you.—
Were I superstitious, though, I should
not do so; for a Scotch professor of se-
cond sight once told me that I should
bitterly rue the action, did I ever cross
the threshold of a gaming house."

Russel smiled sarcastically.—"Possi-
bly your Scotch seer spoke from experi-
ence. Who knows but what some coun-
ting chiel has won a groat from him at a
fair, and he thought the like might hap-
pen to you? Nevertheless, I should like to
understand this second sight, as you
phrase it, very well, seeing that it would
prove an able auxiliary at hazard."

The Curacao was drunk, the cab was
ordered, and the scene was changed.—
One hour afterwards he was deeply en-
gaged in the mysteries of the play, and
Melvil occasionally looked on, and anon
chatting with some young lordlings to
whom his friend had introduced him, pa-
tiently waiting the termination of an
amusement for which he entertained no
small degree of distaste. Russel won
largely. Seated at the same table with
him, was one of those professed players,
who nightly haunt the gaming table.—
He was a man of middle age, of gentle-
manly manner, and seemed well known
to those by whom he was surrounded.

"What, losing again to-night, Hawes?"
said one of the by-standers, addressing
him, we have described—"that is bad;
you have last night's losses to repair al-
ready."

"True," replied the person addressed,
and Melvil, well versed in human na-
ture, noticed a peculiar intonation in
the voice of the speaker, which betray-
ed fierce internal agitation of mind, al-
though to a common observer it might
have been imperceptible.—"true I must,
and you will see, I shall win presently."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the other, "well,
well, we shall see to that."

In effect the prophecy of the player
appeared magical;—for anon the luck
changed; Russel's high pile of gold dwindle-
d away; each successive throw of
the dice contributed materially to de-
crease it, while that of Hawes speedi-
ly became the largest on the board.

"Russel," whispered Melvil,—leave
this dangerous pastime—the luck, you
see, has changed."

"And will change again," replied Rus-
sel; "I know my adversary well—good
fortune rarely abides with him."

"I am glad to hear that you know
him," said Melvil gravely, "for really I
had suspected some foul play. Pray
who is he?"

"He is a man of good family, and one
of large property, all of which he has dis-
sipated at play. He married Blanche
Vane; she, with whom it was said by
the village gossips, you once had an
affaire de coeur in early life."

"I don't recollect her," said Melvil.

"Not recollect her!" exclaimed Rus-
sel, eagerly, "not recollect her? Why,
Melvil, I could almost feel tempted to
say the lack of memory was intentional
—not remember Blanche Vane?—she
whom we used to call the Beautiful
Blanche?"

Melvil colored slightly. A crowd of
recollections pressed to his heart—but
they passed away with the moment in
which they were engendered; there was
a little romance in his bosom. "I do re-
member that cognomen," he answered
coldly, as he turned away from the table.

Half an hour elapsed ere Melvil again
approached. The gambler's face was
flushed with success, and that of Russel
was pale & disturbed. He had lost very
considerable.

"One more throw for double stakes,"
cried he, "and I have done."

"Agreed," replied Hawes.

Melvil with some difficulty made his
way to the opposite end of the table, sta-
tioned himself near Hawes, and watch-
ed with eagle eye his every motion.—
They threw, and Russel lost. The scar-
let blood mantled vividly on Melvil's
brow, he suddenly bent forward, and
violently seized the wrist of Hawes.

"Contentment! scoundrel! you have
dice in your sleeve!"

Universal confusion followed, and
groups of people flocked to the table;—
while Hawes prudently shook off the
grasp of Melvil, and bared his arm, ca-
lonly saying—

"Prove your charge, sir."

This was impossible; and although
perfectly satisfied himself of the truth of
his allegation, Melvil was obliged to ac-
knowledge he had no means of substan-
tiating it. Hawes demanded his card,
it was given.

"You are wrong," whispered Russel,
"you had better apologize; he is a capi-
tal shot."

"I was not wrong, and will not apolo-
gize," answered Melvil, quickly.

Ere the latter had left the room—a
meeting had been arranged for the fol-
lowing morning, by Russel and some
friends of Hawes.

"The soothsayer was right," muttered
Melvil, "I ought not to have entered a
gaming room."

Five persons met on a damp, misty,
gloomy-looking morning, in Batter-sea-
fields—they were the duelists, their
friends and a surgeon. Melvil was cool
and collected.

"Russel, if I fall, promise me to give
up forever your fearful pursuit."

"May Heaven avert such a calamity
as you being wounded even."

"Will you promise what I have asked-
ed?"

"I will do more—I will swear!"—
answered Russel.

The ground was soon measured, the
combatants took their place; the signal
was given; and, as previously arranged,
both fired together. Melvil remained
unhurt—the gambler fell.

"God!" ejaculated Melvil, "I have
destroyed him."

They rushed to the fallen man, and
while his second raised and supported
his head upon his knee, and the surgeon
examined the wound—it was in the left
side.

"Speak—speak!" exclaimed Melvil,
"am I a murderer?"

"Fly! fly! with your best speed—
gentlemen," said the surgeon, the wound
is mortal—he cannot live many minutes.

As the poisoned arrow of the Indian
warrior fester in the wound of his ene-
my, so did this sentence enter into the
very heart of Melvil, and there fester
and canker in his hopes of future
happiness! The dying man heard the
reply with assumed fortitude.

"It is well," he said faintly, "nay it
is just." You, addressing Melvil, "you
were right, I did use false dice last night,
but hear my justification, such as it is.
I have a wife—children—I shall never
behold them more! I love them better
than myself. A run of ill luck has left
me penniless, and them starving. Des-
peration filled my bosom, and I deter-
mined, should fortune last night desert

me, that I would ensure her favors by
employing means which I had previous-
ly not so much as dreamed of." His voice
failed.

"He is dying," said the surgeon, "fly
for your lives, gentlemen."

He who supported the head of Hawes
lowered it gently to the grass and disap-
peared, neither of the others moved.—
The motion of his head appeared to
rouse the fast fading recollections of the
unfortunate duelist, but his mind wan-
dered. "Blanche, my wife; my sweet-
heart—another chance for thy sake!—
Throw—throw—now give me the box;
down go the dice—ha—deuce—ace!—
and then the gambler "slept the sleep
which knows no waking!"

Russel and Melvil made the tour of
Switzerland; both were melancholy—the
former for a season, and the latter
forever.

THE MISSAL.

By the Author of "Lafitte."

"Listen page! Do not follow my no-
ble father to the chase this morning.—
There will be enough without you, and
both knights and gentlemen, to scour the
forest after hound and horn. This is the
anniversary of my sainted mother's death
and I desire you to attend me to the ve-
nerable monastery, where I go to pray
for the repose of her soul."

Thus spoke the young and beautiful
Estelle. Taking her missal, rich with a
clasp of gold, in her hand, arranging her
veil in artful folds, so that one of her
dark, floating eyes, alone was visible,
darting kindling glances beneath their
silken lashes, and casting a gratified look
at her foot, half hid in a velvet slipper,
she left the castle. She moved towards
the church, with a slow, easy undulat-
ing motion, her foot leaving the earth,
and lighting upon it again, with exqui-
site grace and precision! Edgard, the
handsome young page of the noble maid-
en, faithful to his mistress, obeyed her
commands, with a trembling heart:—
with his eyes beaming with modest de-
light, he followed her to the cathedral.
Suddenly before the door of the sacred
temple, the lovely virgin paused, and
turning round, she fixed her beautiful
eyes upon the face of the blushing youth.

Then dropping them, till they were shad-
ed by the rich fringe, she said with a
timid voice, which fell like the rivulet
music on his soul—

"Choose forme, this morning, Edgard,
an appropriate prayer to offer to Hea-
ven. That which pleases you most, is
that which I shall prefer."

She ran her snowy fingers over the
gilt leaves of the missal, as she spoke,
and the green silken tassel, which mark-
ed select passages in the sacred pages,
flew out into his hand.

The youth respectfully inclined his
head over the vellum page, and, with
tremulous fingers, turned the leaves un-
til he came to the psalms of the Royal
Prophet, when his hand was suddenly
arrested. Silently, with downcast eyes,
he placed the tassel on the following ver-
ses, and closed the book:—

"How long wilt thou forget me? For-
ever? How long wilt thou hide thy
face from me?"

"How long shall I take counsel in my
soul, having sorrow in my heart daily?"

"How long shall my enemy be exalt-
ed over me?"

"Consider and hear me; lighten mine
eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death;

"Lest mine enemy say I have pre-
vailed against him; and those that trouble
me, rejoice when I am moved."

"But I have trusted in thy mercy."

Their eyes timidly raised, met, as he
closed the missal, and Estelle instantly
disappeared in the cathedral.

She advanced along the majestic aisles
and took her station at the further ex-
tremity, where knelt the noble ladies of
the land:—Edgard, with a fluttering
heart, placed himself in the corridor,—
among the other pages.

After the sacrifice of the mass, accord-
ing to custom, Edgard stood beneath
the pillars of the deserted choir, to await
the appearance of his mistress.

Estelle arrived last of all the maidens.
She replaced the book in his hands, with-
out raising her eyes, but her lovely coun-
tenance was suffused with blushes. She
had returned the missal to the handsome
page, with the signet vert placed between
the leaves of the half open book, at the
Mass of MARRIAGE!—N. Y. Mirror.

SOUTHERN SPORTS.—An affray took
place in front of the post Office, at Cam-
den S. C. on the 5th inst, between Mr.
Bronson, one of the proprietors of the
Camden Journal; and Eldridge Brown,
agent for the Express Mail. Shots were
exchanged about five paces apart, and
the latter was killed on the spot.

A NEVER FAILING FIRM.—The Clare-
mont, N. H. Eagle speaks of a firm which
is still standing in defiance of the blast
that is sweeping over the country—
which only lifts its head the higher from
the sweep of the tornado, and if all the
others give way will draw strength from
their weakness and prostration.—The
name of this firm is "Call and Settle."

AN INCIDENT IN SCOTT'S LIFE.

From Lockhart's Life of Scott.

I have to open the year 1814 with a
melancholy story. Mention has been
made more than once of Henry Weber,
a poor German scholar, who escaping
to this country, in 1804, from misfor-
tunes in his own, excited Scott's com-
passion, and was thenceforth furnished,
through his means with literary employ-
ment of various sorts. Weber was a
man of considerable learning; but Scott,
as was his custom, appears to have form-
ed an exaggerated notion of his capaci-
ty, and certainly countenanced him to
his own severe cost, in several mo-
unfortunate undertakings. When not en-
gaged on things of a more ambitious
character, he had acted, for ten years
as his protector's amanuensis; and when
the family was in Edinburgh, he very of-
ten dined with them. There was some-
thing very interesting in his appearance
and manners; he had a fair, open coun-
tenance, in which honesty and enthusi-
asm of his nation were alike visible; his
demeanor was gentle and modest; and
he had not only a stock of antiquari-
an knowledge, but the reminiscences,
which he detailed with amusing simpli-
city, of an early life chequered with
many enough strange adventures. He
was in short, much a favorite with
Scott and all his household; and was in-
vited to dine with them so frequently,
chiefly because his friend was aware
that he had an unhappy propensity of
drinking, and was anxious to keep him
away from those places where he might
have been more likely to indulge in it.
This vice, however, had been growing
upon him; and of late Scott had found
it necessary to make some rather severe
remonstrances about habits which were
at once injuring his health and interrupt-
ing his literary industry.

They had, however, parted kindly
when Scott left Edinburgh, at Christmas,
1813—and the day after his return
Weber attended him as usual in his library,
being employed in transcribing extracts
during several hours, while his friend
seated over against him, continued work-
ing at the life of Swift. The light be-
ginning to fail, Scott threw himself back
in his chair, and was about to ring for
candles, when he observed the German's
eyes fixed upon him with an unusual so-
lemnity of expression. "Weber," said
he, what's the matter with you? "Mr.
Scott," said Weber, rising "you have
long insulted me, and I can bear it no
longer. I have brought a pair of pistols
with me, and must insist on your taking